

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50
Post Paid to all parts of the world



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HQ

“B”

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JANUARY, 1933

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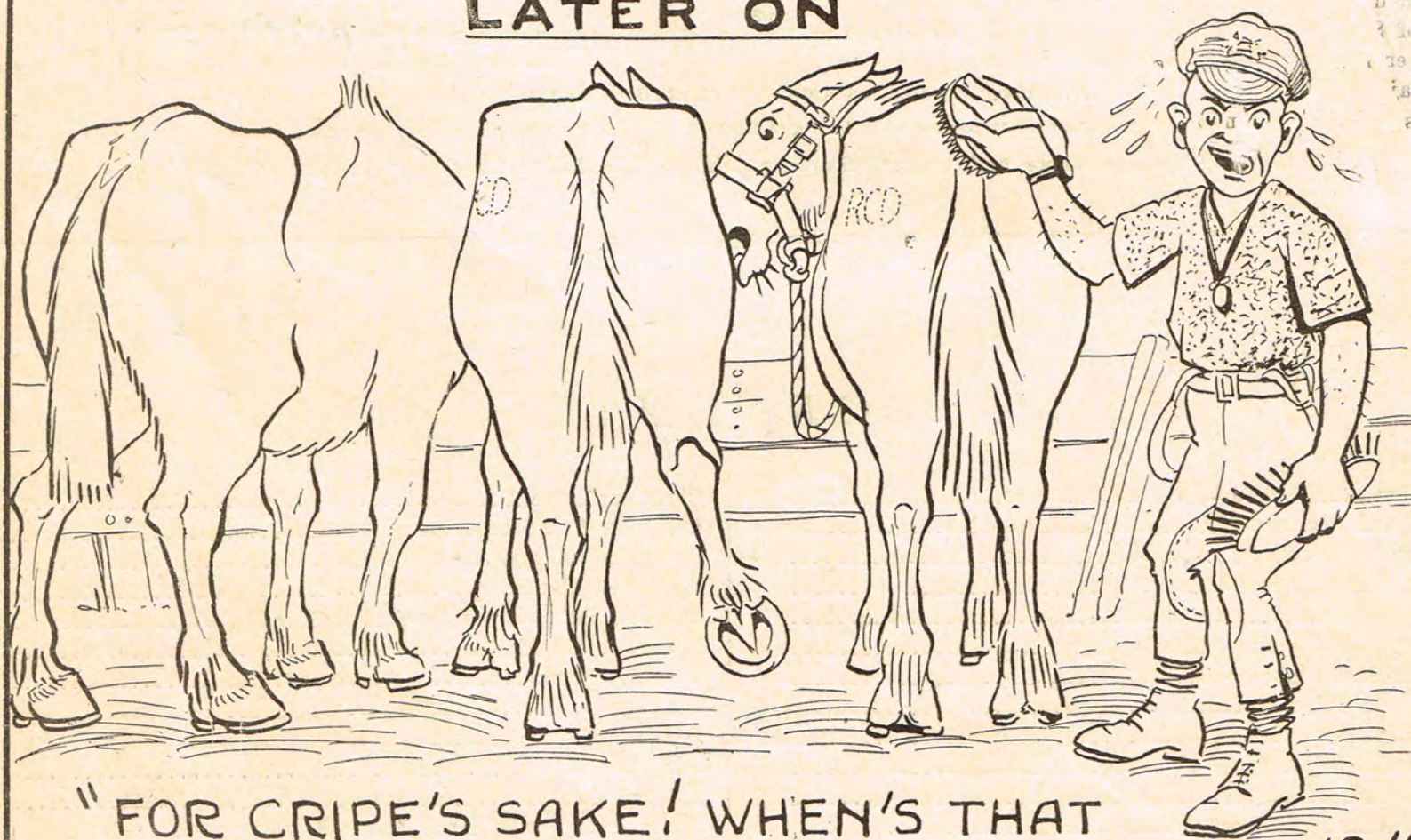
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LATER ON



"FOR CRIPE'S SAKE! WHEN'S THAT
RUDDY DISMOUNTED BUNCH COMIN' BACK!?"

Personal & Regimental

Lieut.-Col. E. L. Caldwell and the Officers of Cavalry Barracks held their annual New Years 'At Home' from 3 o'clock p.m. to 6 p.m. on January the 2nd, among those who called were Rev. H. C. Winch, Dr. N. A. Sabourin, Dr. O. Laberge, Capt. R. Roy, The R. C.R. Capt. Alex McLean, Messrs. George A. Savoy, R. Dodd, C. A. Laberge, L. G. Gage, F. W. Powell, Roland Sabourin, J. I. McCabe, Ivan Sabourin, A. B. Martin Andre Regnier and many others.

Earlier in the day Lt.-Col. E. L. Caldwell accompanied by Maj. Hodson, The R.C.R. conveyed the Officers Mess, New Years greetings to the various Messes of the Montreal Garrison, calling on the D.O.C. M.D. 4, en route.

Major Murray, Capt. Wood, Lt. Larocque accompanied by Lieuts. F. and J. Pope performed similar duties in and about the St. Johns and Iberville, en route on Dr. Bouthillier and Major D'Orsonniens former officers of the Garrison of many years ago.

The Officers of the Garrison and their many friends spent a very enjoyable evening in the Mess on New Year's Eve. Saw the old Year out with due ceremony and welcomed the New Year with a firm resolution to "Cheer Up" and with all depression as far as possible within their power.

On Saturday January the 7th Col. D. B. Bowie, and Col. W. E. Muirhead, lunched in the Mess and spent the afternoon reminiscing.

Capt. Fortye, late paymaster to the Regiment in France, and now residing in Kingston, Ont., has kindly presented the Regimental Records with a nominal Roll bound in leather covers of the Regiment in 1919 when it embarked at Le Havre for England.

New Year's Greetings

Customary Tour of Armories is Made to Convey Greetings

(Courtesy Montreal Daily Star)

Military Montreal was 'at home' yesterday. Following custom, regimental officers always greet their friends on New Year's Day, and yesterday the deferred reception was held. Messages from the Prince of Wales, prospects of moving into new barracks, elation at meeting old friends and the change to new quarters were all among the events and emotions registered.

Until 11 o'clock yesterday morning, Brigadier Gibsons received at his official headquarters, corner St. Catherine and Bishop Sts., While there, among other visitors, received Bishop Farthing, of Montreal; Col. H. Lefebvre, B.C., V. D., commanding the 11th Infantry Brigade, and Col. C. B. Price, D.S.O., commanding the 12th Infantry Brigade.

When the headquarters' reception was finished, the Brigadier commenced a tour of all the units. With him were Lieut.-Col. B. W. Browne, D.S.O., M.C., A.A. and Q.M.G.; Col. A. E. Snell, C.M.G., D.S.O., district medical officer; officer; and Lieut.-Col. M. L. Garon, G.S.O., III.

Victoria Rifles

At the Victoria Rifles of Canada, there was elation everywhere at the prospect of moving into new headquarters by next year. Attached though some members are to the old improvised quarters, they realize that the regiment that fought at Eccles Hill and on the veldts of South Africa, as well as in the Great War, will take on new life and new prestige in the splendid new armory. At the "Vics" on Chomedey street. Col. Stuart A. Rolland, commanding officer, received, being assisted by Lieut.-Colonels Robert S. Stark, Fred Cascoine, G. Ross Robertson, C. F. C. Porteous, Frank Fisher, Gault McCombe and Fred Ritchie.

In the sergeant's mess, R.S. M. T. Bennett welcomed the visitors.

Black Watch

At the Black Watch armories on Bleury street, there was regret expressed everywhere that the commanding officer, Col. W. S. M. MacTier was sick and unable to receive. His place was taken by Col. Andrew Fleming, assisted by Col. A. T. Howard and Major Blackader.

The visitors to the sergeants' mess were welcomed by R.S.M. P. Mein, B.S.M. Ovenden and B.S. M. Powell.

Maisonnette Regiment

At the Regiment de Maisonnette down at the drill hall on Craig Street, the following were in the receiving line: Col. C. A. Brosseau commanding officer, Col. Hercule Lefebvre, Hon. Lieut.-Col. Ernest Decary, Major Robert Bourassa, Major George Francoeur, Major Paul Brosseau, Major Joseph Brosseau, Capt. Ernest Beaupre, Capt. Paul Gonthier, Capt. Paul Girard, Lieut. R. Robert, Lieut. Bastien, Capt. A. Cote, Capt. A. G. St. Amand, Lieut. Leon Brosseau, Lieut. L. Lalonde and Lieut. Belanger.

Reception in the sergeants' mess was headed by R.S.M. A. Vailancourt.

At R.C.A. Armories.

The Second Montreal Regiment, Canadian Artillery, also received in the Craig Street armories, and among the distinguished visitors to this regiment were Sir Arthur Currie and the Bishop of Montreal. Welcoming the visitors to their commodious quarters were Col. W. E. Hyde, D.S.O.; Col. P. Abbey and Major R. E. Ellis.

In the sergeants' quarters R.S. M. William Thomkinson welcomed the visitors.

Grenadier Guards.

At the headquarters of the Canadian Grenadier Guards there was gratification through receiving from the regiment's colonel-in-chief. The Prince of Wales, the following cable: "All sincere

thanks to all ranks for their New Year's greetings, Edward P. colonel-in-chief."

Officers receiving at the Guards were: Lieut.-Col. F. R. Phelan, Major J. M. Humphrey, Major M. F. Pieler, Capt. H. C. Griffith, Capt. C. P. Reaper and Lieut. M. F. Reilly.

The Sergeants' reception line was headed by R.S.M. Stelfox.

At R.C.N.V.R's.

The reception at the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve, at 1057 Mountain Street, also took on the form of a farewell, for the commanding officer, Lieut. Harold Beament is leaving on January 7 to be attached to H.M.C.S. Champlain for an instructional cruise through the West Indies. There also was gratification expressed at the new quarters, which will soon accommodate a small gun, and is soon to be remodelled so that the interior of the building will more closely resemble the structure of a ship. Naval training of a more useful nature will then be given. Beaming Lieut.-Commander Beament in reception was Lieut. Paymaster M. E. Palmer. The Petty officers entertained also, with C. P. O. John Gerrie greeting the visitors.

While Lieut.-Commander Beament is in the Indies, Lieut. R. H. W. Jackson will be in charge of the local R.C.N.V.R.

Other Units

Other regiments and units which kept "open house" yesterday were Fourth Divisional Engineers, 1808 Wellington Street, Lieut.-Col. A. R. Sprenger.

Fourth Divisional Canadian Army Service Corps, 2234 St. Antoine street, Major A. S. Nops.

Le Fusiliers Mont-Royal, Pine Avenue east, Lieut.-Col. C. O. Dorval, V.D.

The 17th Duke of York Royal Canadian Hussars, Major H. W. Johnston.

Fourth Division Signals Canadian Corps of Signals, Lieut.-Col. C. H. MacDonald.



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Sixth, ninth and twentieth Field Ambulances, Canadian Army Medical Corps, Lieut.-Col. A. E. London, Lieut.-Col. R. McGibbon, and Lieut.-Col. J. E. Hurtubise.

The official party with Brigadier Gibsons also paid a visit to the United Services Club. While he and his officers were on a tour of greeting, the reception at Military headquarters was carried on by Lieut.-Col. P. E. Prideaux, district ordnance officer; Lieut.-Col. E. C. Thurston, V.D., district veterinary officer, and Maj. J. A. H. Trudeau, deputy A.A. and Q.M.G.

The men's Library 'A' Squadron, St. Johns is in receipt of a very handsome picture of the victorious Canadian Army team 1932 which now hangs in an honoured place in the Library.

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Sergeants Mess At Home.

On Monday January 2nd, 1933, the Sergeants Mess, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, held their Annual "At Home."

Commencing at 11 a.m., the Mess was the scene of Activity. Q. M.S. Ellis, better known as 'Nobby', started the ball rolling by administering a liberal issue of punch to all and sundry. I might mention here that 'Nobby' was responsible for concocting the punch.

Honorary members and visitors were in attendance, among our honorary members was our old friend Tom Pugh who has attended every "At Home" for the last 22 years. We all hope to see him at future festivities in the Mess for a number of years to come.

S.M.I. Aisthorpe, D.C.M., M.M. proposed a Toast to the 'King' also to the Officers of the Garrison. The Toast to the Officers was responded to by Major Drury, Capt. Wood gave a brief speech giving us a slogan for the New Year which was "Cheer up" a motto we would all do well to follow. At 12 o'clock noon, a buffet lunch was served which was enjoyed by all. Among our visitors was Mr. C. F. Cox, father of our well known 'Fred-die.' Mr. Cox is an old salt and we were hoping to hear him sing a sea "Chanty" or do the "Sailors Hornpipe" but we were disappointed, either the punch was not strong enough or he did not have enough issued to him, anyway he complimented 'Nobby' by telling him that his punch was "Damn good grog."

"B" Sqn. R.C.D. was represented by Sgt. Inst. H. F. Costello who wished us all the compliments of the season from the Members of "B" Sqd. Mess.

The Honorary Members were:

Dan. Black,
A. B. Martin,
Bat. Latour
John Cameron,
G. W. Ellis,
T. Pugh,
F. A. Powell,
B. Rigg,
C. Thompson,
W. Watson,
H. D. Clark,
A. C. Fletcher,
L. G. Gage.

The visitors present were:—

Major Drury, R.C.D.
Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D.
Lt. B. D. Buell, R.C.R.
Lt. H. Larocque, R.C.D.
Lt. W. Pope, R.C.R.
Rev. H. C. Winch,
Sgt. Inst. Costello, R.C.D.
W. Langlois,
H. R. Robinson,
W. M. Marsden
C. F. Cox,
W. J. Wood.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO OFFICERS' MESS

Two handsome Sterling Silver Cups have been donated to the Officers' Mess.

One by Major E. A. Hethrington (late R.C.D.) whose father, Major T. S. Hethrington presented this cup in 1903 to the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars, Quebec. He was formerly a C.O. of the Q.O.C.H.

The other was presented by Lt. General Sir Richard Turner, V.C., K.C.B., D.S.O., (late R.C.D.) whose father, Richard Turner, M.L.C., donated this cup to the Q.O.C.H. in 1903.

The donors in presenting these cups to this Regiment after the disbandment of the Q.O.C.H. do so on account of the early historical relationship between the Q.O.C.H. and the R.C.D.

TORONTO NOTES

New Years Day. Officers of the Regiment held their usual reception. This year they received from eleven o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon. Three hundred visited the mess, which included a great number of ex-officers. About twenty stayed for lunch, which were mostly ex-officers.

Toronto's Mayor. All ranks at Stanley Barracks are heartily glad that William J. Stewart has again been elected Mayor of Toronto. This time he polled a record both in total votes and in his Majority. Our heartiest congratulations to His Worship. He has been a very good friend to the Army and to the Militia as a whole.

"I know many authors, but I have not known any who love to write."—Peter B. Kyne.

EGLINGTON HUNT CLUB

The "Masters Shields"

The Masters Shield Jumping Competition was started at Eglington Hunt Club on Saturday January 7th, 1932. This competition consists of eight performances, one each week, over different courses, the best six performances of each horse to count towards deciding the ultimate winner. The shield was won last year by Capt. C. C. Mann, on "Bronte," who also won the Championship ribbon. This year there are eight entries from the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and all show great promise. The results of Saturdays Competition are as follows.

Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O. on Gold Leaf—2 faults.

Capt. S. C. Bate, on Keodore — 5 faults.

Capt. S. C. Bate on Bendore— 5 faults.

Capt. S. C. Bate, on Spats— 1 fault.

Capt. C. C. Mann on Bronte— 1 fault.

Lieut. A. P. Ardagh on Belfast Mary—2½ faults.

Lieut. A. P. Ardagh, on Mike— 5 faults.

Lieut. H. A. Phillips on Mussolini—5 faults.

Lieut. H. A. Phillips on The Adjutant—1½ faults.

Capt. S. C. Bate on Spats, and Capt. C. C. Mann on Bronte, jumped off for 4th place, which was won by the former. Bronte, is not eligible for the Shield having won it last year, but can jump for the ribbons each week. The scoring this year is, half a fault for all ticks, two faults for a hind knock down, and four for a front knock down.

A Regimental March

A Regimental March has been adopted and set to sheet music. The Regiment is also in possession of this music in the form of Band cards for a 62 piece band.

This march will be used on all ceremonial occasions when a band is present and for Musical Ride entry and exit marches.

Copies of the March arranged as Pianoforte (solo sheet) music can be obtained for 35c a copy from the Canteen at Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

Winter Fair Notes.

We were very pleased to meet our old troop sergeant Ex-Sgt. F. Rowe at the Fair one evening 'Hoofey' who was up from Sherbrooke, Que., was looking very fit, was very well pleased with the Ride, and is leaving this month for a four month visit to the Old Country.

Other visitors of note included Lt. E. W. H. Berwick, and Sgt. Boucher from 'A' Sqdn who dropped in on us when we were at work? It was nice to see them both, and for once we had some real St. Johns weather for them.

We noticed several familiar faces among the personnel of the Jump Party, Taffy Walters and Buster Perryment being two of them. Both these ex-Dragoons were doing yeoman service on the jumps, showing the benefit of their past experience at this game.

Ex-L/Cpl. W. Hood (Battle-ship) was also on hand, and he gave another of his daring displays of riding which had made him famous in the days of his service.

Most functions of this sort never fail to produce their quota of heroes, but the choice of selecting an individual this year, is not an envious one. However, after getting the band to play "See the Conquering Hero Come for our Officers, if the band has still wind enough, we would certainly give several hearty beats on the big drum for L/Cpl. Stafford and Sgt. Langley, who annexed the principal awards in the saddle Class for N.C.O's and Men, and for Military and Police Mounts. Red, won first in each case, and Sgt. Langley was second and third respectively. And, what about a lusty ompah on the rumbah for L/Cpl. 'Fanny' Parker, who after several jumps-off with Q.M.S. Lynne (The troopers and N.C.O's Nemesis) finished up with the major award in the N.C.O's and Tpr. Jumping Class. Nice work Fanny me bhoi. Well done thou good and faithful servant. Then we would call for a snappy tootle-tootle on the bassoon for young Alf Maddick (Trooper to you) who also showed his disdain for these 'outsiders' and their million dollar 'orses by finishing

third in the same class. And: if the gentleman with the flute will kindly wake up, lets have a hearty trill for our doughty trumpeters, who not only 'blew' in the Ride every night but also, very nearly 'blew' themselves out at the same time on several occasions. Truly it was a "Drag" year, with our Officers and men winning most of the principle events in which they were entered.

As a forecast of what may be expected next year. Cpl. Joe Martin tells us he is grooming a horse (first time for eleven years) for next years harness classes, and then James Franseschini will have to be content with a lot of "thirds."

CONGRATULATIONS

To Cpl. and Mrs. F. L. Nickle, on the birth of a daughter Susan, born on November 9th 1932. As our local wit remarked: "This makes it a dime."

To L/Cpl. F. N. Stafford (twice) Sgt. J. Langley (twice) Tpr. R. L. Walker and Cpl. F. L. Nickle for finishing in that order in the Saddle Class, and for the first two finishing first and third respectively in the Class for Military and Police Mounts.

To L/Cpl. F. R. Parker and Trooper, A. J. Maddick on finishing first and third in the troopers and N.C.O's Jumping Class.

To Sgts. Galloway, Langley, and Cpl. Nickle, Troopers Brett, Woolley, Gough, Patterson, and Shoosmith, on being successful in their Examinations for Army Certificates of Education Second Class.

To Martin Crowe, son of Trooper M. Crowe, who was presented by Mayor Stewart of Toronto, with the Humane Society's Bronze medal for his bravery in attempting to save a much heavier person from drowning.

Sergeant Costello, B' Squ. R. C.D. was a recent visitor to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, over the New Year.

The following promotions and appointments are authorized, to take effect 1st December 1932.

No. 296—S.S.M. J. Copeland, D.C.M., appointed to the Instructional Cadre, (Cavalry).

No. 524—Sgt. C. Sayger, promoted to the rank of Acting Squadron, Sergeant Major (with pay).

No. 1472—Cpl. F. L. Nickle promoted to the rank of Acting Sergeant (with pay.)

No. 587—L/Cpl. E. Webb, promoted to the rank of Acting Corporal (with pay.)

No. 1559—Tpr. H. Hewitt appointed, Lance-Corporal (with pay.)

Other items in part 2 Orders as follows:

No. 1012—Tpr. E. O'Neill transferred from 'A' Squadron to 'B'.

No. 1542—Tpr. G. W. Patterson to draw higher rate of pay (three years.)

No. 677—Tpr.-Major A. E. Galloway re-engaged for a further period of three years.

No. 1520—Tpr. R. H. Forsyth re-engaged for a further period of three years.

ST. JOHNS HOCKEY LEAGUE

The Garrison hockey team at Cavalry Barracks St. Johns have been very busy the last month playing the various teams in the district. January the 6th saw the Garrison playing Champlain, this was a fast game but some how Champlain got one up on the Garrison and stayed there. The Garrison worked hard and well, Gaudette proving a valuable asset to the team. We certainly appreciate the work he has done for us. The last period ended with the score Champlain 3 Garrison 1.

Those playing on the Garrison team were:

D'Orsonnens, goal; Marinier, defence; Carpenter, defence; E. Forgreaves, center; Gaudette, wing; Wish, wing; Subs. Deleseleuc, Reid, Ross, Jewkes.

When the Garrison met Monarch on January 8th things looked bright for the garrison.

Early in the first period the Garrison took the lead but

owing to two successive penalties by two of the garrison players our ideas as to the outcome of the game was very vague, one or two of the men seemed to have a private feud between them, we do not know what it was all about, but it took the Ref. and the rest of the players to convince them that whatever it was, it was not just "According to Hoyle" or to hockey as far as that goes.

From then on the game was Monarchs, the score being Monarch 4, Garrison 1.

On January the 9th Salon met the Garrison in a hard fought game. The Champions of last year meant business and were out for business.

The men worked hard for the garrison but fate was against us, the score being Salon 1, Garrison 0.

1933 may not prove to be very lucky for the Garrison as far as hockey is concerned but it proves that we have a fine sporting team, let us hope that through the remainder of the games things will brighten up.

BILLIARDS

Since hockey is the main feature of the month very little is heard about these Troop Billiard games that are being played at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

The players are all keeping up to scratch and getting better with every game, The first half of the Billiard league finished with 1st Troop, the winners.

In the second half of the game the 2nd Troop were the victors against 1st Troop with Third Troop playing the R.C.R's. This promises lots of action as the winners of this half will meet 1st Troop for the Championship.

Among the many Christmas Cards received by the Men's Mess this year were those from Ex-L/Cpl. R. J. Munro, Pte. H. Bulmer, at Camp Borden, Ex-Sgt. John and Mrs. Smuck.

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A sentry in an army camp down South heard footsteps and roared his challenge. From the darkness came the quavering reply, "Ah's a citizen of the United States wif mah lady frien'."

Instructing the coloured rookie as to the proper way to reply to a challenge, the sentry sent him on his way. A few minutes later a form approached and in answer to the challenge, came, "Ah's de man yo' tol' to say Ah was a frien' of yo' all."

ITEMS OF MILITARY INTEREST

By T. D. Masey

Mr. T. D. Masey comments on the adoption of the New uniform by the British Infantry in the following interesting way. "The Ideal of Wellingtons infantry is surely but slowly being realized, shirt sleeves and Bayonet for close quarters."

The Title of the 15th Kings Hussars, and the Royal Hussars (Queen Alexandra's combined 1922 and 15th/19 Hussars has been changed to the 15th, The Kings Royal Hussars, this is by the unanimous desire of all ranks serving.

The second part of the History of the 15th Kings Hussars (1914-1922) by Lord Carnock has lately been published when the Regiment went to France in 1914 it was split into 3 sqns. each separately employed as D.W. Cavalry and was not reformed until 1915.

The separated Sqdns. played a gallant and active part in covering the retreat of their divisions to the Marne, and in furthering the subsequent advance, and phase from August 8th, 1918 until the Armistice.

The last V.C. of 'Yorkes Drift' Zulu war in 1879 died in November 1932 aged 75. He was Private J. Williams of the 2nd Batt. 24th Foot, now the South Wales Borderers. He died at Cumbran, Monmouthshire.

8 V.C.'s were awarded for this heroic defence of the ford across the River, it lasted the night of Jan. 22nd and 23rd.

Pt. Williams was a lad of 22 years.

This fight against the hordes of fierce Zulus took place years ago. Our Infantry used the man-stopping Snider rifle and long triangular bayonet, in some cases the Zulus pressed so thick that a soldier had barely time to redraw his bayonet from a body before others were on him to stab him to death with their Assegiais.

"Politics is a series of decisions; they must be made for the long-range benefit of the public."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

FLOWERDEW, V.C.

Once again Canada has been thrilled by a true story of the Great War. General J. E. B. Seeley, commander of her cavalry brigade from early in 1915 until April, 1918, relates again the imperishable epic of that gallant cavalryman, Lieut. Flowerdew of Strathcona Horse and the attack on Moreuil Wood that held up the German advance on Amiens, late in March, 1918. It is of more than usual interest here, for Flowerdew was of Walhachin, of which local settlement it was related that every able bodied man left everything he had and literally fled to the battlefield.

In order that the great German advanced be checked the cavalry was ordered to attack Moreuil Wood. This was done and Flowerdew was the hero of the dangerous exploit which allowed Foch to concentrate sufficient artillery and infantry to halt that historic onslaught. Later, Foch wrote this to Seeley:

I do not forget the heroism of the valiant Canadian cavalry brigade. In the month of March, 1918, the battle had reached the gates of Amiens. It was a question of maintaining at any cost close touch between our two armies. On the 30th of March, at Moreuil and on the 1st of April at Hangard en Santerre, it succeeded, by its splendid spirit and its offensive operations, in keeping the enemy in check and definitely stopping his advance. In large measure, thanks to it, the situation, dangerous at the beginning of the battle, was restored.

Strange romantic epic, that this young Flowerdew, apple grower of Walhachin, turning his pruning hook into a sword, may have been that instrument of fate which changed the history of the world.

During the past month Cavalry Barracks was pleased to hear from ex-Sergeant-Major Tamlyn who is now residing at 52 Jefferson Road, Sheerness, Kent England. Sergeant-Major Tamlyn and family are all well and wish to be remembered to all their friends and acquaintances.

On Saturday January 7th the first game of cribbage was played in the R.C.D. Sergeant Mess at Cavalry Barracks St. Johns. The Honorary Members playing the members of the mess, the parties made up six tables which made the number complete, we understand that there are twelve games to play while only five have been played so far.

"Old Dan" certainly was in good form, although "Old Bill" Guardsman Sergeant-Major wasn't very far behind. He was pretty busy seeing to it that the Station Sergeant-Major did not get away with any holes, he is just as full of aces as ever he was.

We are glad that these Saturday night festivities are gradually coming back and hope to see the Honorary Members keep up to scratch they are badly handicapped as most of the players are x-members of the Mess at Stanley Barracks Toronto, and well versed in the noble art of 15-2 (Cribbage.)

Tom Pugh is still able to finish up with his ace, while old "George Ellis" still gets quite a kick in watching for the "Jack to come up. Towards the close of the evening Bert Rigg presented the mess with six beautiful nickle plated crib boards. This donation is certainly appreciated by the members of the Mess.

A recruit was on sentry duty one night when a friend brought a cake from the canteen. As the sentry was eating the cake the major sauntered up in mufti. Not recognizing him, the man did not salute, and the major stopped.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"Cake," said the sentry, good-naturedly; "have a bite?"

The major frowned. "Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"No," said the esentry, "unless you're the major's groom."

The major shook his head. "Guess again!" he said.

"The barber from the village?"

"No."

"Maybe,"—here the sentry laughed—"maybe you're the major himself?"

"That's right! I am the major." was the stern reply.

The sentry scrambled to attention. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "Hold the cake, will you while I salute."

A Night at the Royal

By "Spectator"

Since reading in the local papers about all the prominent people who had attended the Royal Winter Fair, we thought it was only right that we too, should honor the Show with our patronage. Accordingly, selecting an evening when the Governor-General, Lt.-Governor, and other lesser personages would not be there, we borrowed some kit, donned our one shirt, and went across. As we entered the Coliseum, we were gratified to note that everyone stood up, and we accordingly doffed our hat, and bowed graciously. It was not until much later that we learned that the Lieut.-Governor had pulled a fast one by arriving at exactly the same time as we did. Most of the boxes being occupied, we, without hesitation selected a seat well at the back, where the view was so much better.

A course of jumps was just being set up, and so we had ample time and opportunity to observe the action (if any) of the Jump Party, (by special permission of Taffy Morgan Commanding.) Although the Party was not from Barracks, we were filled with a secret admiration at the manner in which they rushed in as soon as the gates were opened, each bearing a small bush, slat or rake and then stood, poised for action, waiting for some less ambitious person to bring in the heavier wings and obstacles. They were soon joined by the last of their number (there is always one of these) who, unable to find either a small bush, slat or rake, was reporting for instructions. Needless to say, he got them, and the entire squad ran out again, very fast and with long smooth strides, as if they were being judged for pace and manner, and brought in the balance of the jumps. We were particularly struck with one gentleman, who nearly had whiskers, and who constantly brought up the rear, empty handed as if to suggest that he was earning his money by just being there. After some manipulating, and a little Regimental Drill, the course was pronounced ready for use, and we saw some very fine jumping. Finally, when the last horse had com-



Ex-Q.M.S. James Dee who is now Sub-Inspector in the M.S.R.C.V.

pleted the course, a whistle blew, and the jump party entered the ring at the Hop-Step-and-Jump as if glad to be in the public eye once more, and showing by their action, the effects of watching so much jumping, and in a trice, every small bush, slat and rake had disappeared, along with the jump party. However, it was not long before they were once again herded into the ring, and, with the gentleman who almost had whiskers again majestically bringing up the rear, and lingering a trifle, the jumps were finally moved out, and the ring left clear. Now was the time for the Famed Musical Ride, and two Trumpeters cantered in, facing us, and the Royal box, they sounded a fanfare, and the Ride was on. Personally we are of the opinion that one of the trumpeters, if not both of them, was quite convinced that the ride was on even before they had placed their trumpets at their lips. The Ride was excellent as usual, but we must admit that we observed a few anxious faces, and lips moving in silent prayer, as the time for the Famous Shanghai Cross approached, we

cannot see any need for this. It was also quite a novelty to be witnessing the ride as a spectator, and we enjoyed it very much.

Immediately after the Ride, we decided to leave, and were again gratified to notice that everyone stood up as we left. Later on we learned that His Honor had again pulled a fast one by leaving at the same time as we did, and we made our way to where we had instructed the Faithful Oscar to leave our bicycle, and in a few minutes were back at home again.

We had had a very pleasant evening, and in conclusion we must admit that we consider a class for the Jump Party would not be at all out of place, allowing

5% for action, and 95% for comformation or style; they were certainly in a class by themselves and Messrs. Morgan, Butler and Gray are to be warmly commended on the way in which they kept them "up to the bit."

Now that the Christmas and New Years festivities are over and the life at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, has returned to normal we find that educational training is in full swing. It is to the advantage of every man who has not secured his second class Army certificate to take advantage of this course,

The following are the men taking this instruction.

L/Cpl. E. J. B. Carpenter,
L/Cpl. R. Defosses,
Tpr. C. J. Benton,
Tpr. W. J. Doherty,
Tpr. P. A. Forgrave,
Tpr. R. S. Hardy,
Tpr. J. H. Hone,
Tpr. R. Labell,
Tpr. D. Marshall,
Tpr. J. Madden,
Tpr. J. McKenzie,
Tpr. R. N. Staples,
Tpr. R. Wish,
Tpr. J. W. Wendon,
Tpr. C. T. Northrup,
Tpr. J. McDonald.
Cpl. Johnston, R.C.A.M.C.
Pt. Albertson, R.C.A.M.C.
and members of the R.C.R.

"There" he said, "Thou beholdest the walls of Sparta and every man a brick."

The second dates back from a battle between Russians and Turks in which a Russian called out to his Officer that he had caught a Tartar.

"Bring him along" said the Officer. "He won't come" said the soldier.

"Then come yourself" said the Officer.

"But he won't let me" cried the struggling soldier.

Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your drugs and toilet articles at

REGNIER'S Drug Store

Richelieu St.

Phone 582

St. Johns

On Wednesday the 22nd of December the annual Christmas tree was held in the Gymn. at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns. This Christmas event was well attended by all the married personel and their children, Staff-Sergeant Hill playing the part of Santa Claus in a very able manner, keeping the youngsters well supplied with gifts from a well laden Christmas tree.

Towards the end of the afternoon a splendid supper was served in the gymnasium, we wish to thank all those who so kindly helped in making this occasion a success.

The young people noticed at the party were:

Baby Sheehy	11½
Baby Cailyer	11½
Lillian McDonald	11½
Irene Hider	3
Dorothy Rowe	4
Mary Taylor	6
Helene Desnoyers	6
Ruth Desnoyers	7
Georgette Cousineau	7
Ella Boucher	8
Velva Tupper	8
Elsie Baker	8
Pauline Cousineau	8
Grace Hallett	10
Joyce Stanton	10
Elaine Cousineau	10
Hazel Aisthorpe	19
Violet Reid	11
Olive Forgrave	11
Irene Baker	12
Baby Wheeler	
Baby Carter	
Fred Carter	11½
Arthur Omelusuk	2
Real Cailyer	2
James Omelusuk	3
Robert Ross	3
Eddie Taylor	4
Peter Jewkes	4
Sydney Carter	4
Robert Cousineau	5
Bingo Aisthorpe	6
Albe Britt	8
Ross Forgrave	9
Grant Tupper	9
Dick Hill	10
Henry Baker	11
Donald Stanton	13

We regret to say that some of the Toronto News received last month was too late for the December issue, if it is possible we would like all news and other material to be in before the 20th of the month.

WINTER FAIR RESULTS

N.C.O.'s. and Troopers Jumping.

- 1st—L/Cpl. F. R. Parker on Jim
 2nd—Q.M.S. Chas. Lynne on Entry.
 3rd—Trooper A. J. Maddick, on Buddy.
 4th—Q.M.S. Chas. Lynne, on Entry.

N.C.O.'s and Mens Saddle Class

- 1st—L/Cpl. Stafford on Jim.
 2nd—Sgt. J. Langley on Hopes
 3rd—Tpr. R. L. Walker on
 4th—Cpl. F. L. Nickle on Joe
 5th—Cpl. J. Siggins on July
 6th—Tpr. C. F. Brass on Boyne.

Military and Police Mounts

- 1st—L/Cpl. F. N. Stafford on Jim
 2nd—Police Commissioners entry.
 3rd—Sgt. J. Langley on Hopes
 4—Police Commissioners entry.

The orderly officer of the day was making his round, on passing the sentry box he found it empty, on entering the guard room he found a weary dishevelled—looking private.

"Where's the Sergeant of the Guard?" he snapped.

"Just gone to the Sergeants mess, Sir" replied the private.

"I see, where is the Corporal of the Guard?"

"Gone to the canteen, Sir," replied the Soldier.

"Well, where the devil is the remainder of the Guard" roared the irate officer.

"In the canteen, Sir," replied the weary looking man.

"Well, what are you doing here? what's your name? who are you?" The man yawned in a bored manner "Me, Oh I'm only the prisoner, Sir."

A very young and very shy naval officer was invited to a big society dance. His various partners failed to get much conversation from him, until at last one of them determined to draw him out.

"I suppose," she said brightly "you have been in the navy so long that you are thoroughly accustomed to sea legs?"

The young lieutenant blushed with embarrassment.

"Oh—er—I never look at them," he protested.

Christmas Leave.

Having heard that an ever generous Government was about to issue us with six days leave at Xmas, we hurriedly looked up the one name in our 'date' book, turned our one good shirt inside out, and bought a ticket at the Union Station for the Far North, South River, Ont. Forgetting for the moment all about higher rates of pay, and hospital stoppages, we were soon on our way, even though we travelled C.N.R. The train made good time until it reached Allandale, where it was found that a possible passenger hadn't finished supper yet, and so we waited there for an hour while he had that third cup of coffee. At Huntsville we ran into a bunch of prominent citizens from South River, and of course we hastened to make our destination known, and promptly started wishing everyone a Merry Christmas. After having been wished seven Merry Christmas, four Happy New Years, and one Many Happy Returns of the Day, we felt just like good King Wenceslas, and started in on the train crew. It was not long the newsie in generous mood for once, started a free issue of chocolate bars, and oranges and very soon emptied his tray, while the conductor was calling out wrong stations, and apparently liking it. When we finally arrived at South River, (all C.N.R. trains eventually reach their destination, else they couldn't come back) we found ourselves with the inert person of one of the more prominent citizens, and we were told to take him home. The whole town apparently was on hand to meet us, and with some very welcome help, we did get the Prominent Citizen home, where his wife was very glad to see him? We had not been in South River very long before we were accused of 1. Leading astray, one local person of note, 2 Impersonating a Provincial Constable, and 3 Breaking into a house through other than the proper means of entrance, to wit a window without opening it. Of all these crimes we were entirely innocent, the first being already explained, and the second coming about when some of the local persons of note asked us to walk down the main street at night in "blues" which of course we did. Walking down the Main St.

is like going over to the Canteen when in Barracks, and it was surprising how quiet everything was. We went into the local pool room, and the silence was broken only by a gurgling noise, as something was poured down the sink, followed by the noise of an empty bottle being dropped. Our next feature consisted of being Santa Claus to the younger Blood, and this we did with no little success, causing many young people to promise to be good, for a day or so. The news that the Provincial Cop was in town didn't do us any good, as we couldn't even get a drink ourselves, but certain parties in town were no doubt pleased, while others were quite the reverse.

The last named episode occurred when we were leaning on a window talking to a certain person in the early hours, and the window gave way under the strain.

Returning to Barracks on a midnight train, one half horses length ahead of some very disappointed men, including the one who poured the stuff down the drain, we were sent off by several local citizens who evidently wanted to make sure we were leaving, and we returned to Barracks, ready to plunge into the thick of the fray again, and may be the fray wasn't thick. Six days pass is just long enough to want another sixty, but we cannot complain, as we had just previously returned from 21 days in the same town.

Officer (to Negro Soldier)—
 "What do you mean by staying behind when the rest of your company's gone up the line?"

Negro Soldier: "Well, Suh, the shootin and shellin am somethin awful, Suh."

Officer: "You clear out of this, follow up this trench, zig-zag this way and that, and you'll reach your company, do as I say and you will be fairly safe."

Two hours later Officer finds Negro bandaged up—Officer—
 well, Well, what happened to you, didn't you do as I said?"

Negro: "Yes Suh, I went down dat trench, I zigged dis way and I zagged dat way, but I think I zagged when I should have zigged Suh."

"There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money."—Dr. Johnson.

The National Development Bureau extends to you the Compliments of the Season and takes this opportunity to express its appreciation for the friendly co-operation which it has enjoyed during the past year.

CANADIAN VACATIONS.

Now it is Skiing Time in Canada

No longer does the tinkle of the telephone prelude the age-old message: "Bass are jumping in the lake, let's go fishing." Fast under their icy cover the lakes await the coming of spring, thick lies the snow in valley and on hill. The telephone rings and the old familiar voice calls: "The hills are grand, let's go skiing." Both appeals are irresistible in their season and though fishing has long been one of Canada's delightful sports, skiing is practically a new comer. Little more than a score of years have developed the ski from an object of curiosity to one of the commonest sights in the Canadian winter scene.

Skiing, like so many other sports and games, has its origin buried in the misty past. Historians say that the ski dates back to the pre-Chinese era and the ancient Mongols are depicted as equipping men and animals with skis with which to cross the vast snow fields in their part of Asia. The old skis had a width of five inches, a thickness of two inches and were covered with leather of goat or sheep. The modern ski, developed from that cumbersome device, is usually made of maple, hickory, ash or basswood and in varying weights and widths according to the purpose for which it is to be used, racing, jumping or general utility. The length of the ski is usually suited to the stature of the wearer by measuring from the ground to the hand out-stretched above the head.

On a winter's morning Old Sol peeps over the horizon to find enthusiastic skiers already on the trails, and all day long he beams down on an ever growing crowd until his daily run is over and he leaves a watchful moon to carry on the vigil. Tiny tots on yard-long skis slip down gentle slopes

or attempt miniature hills, youngsters of school age go shouting by, laughing girls with glowing cheeks slip into view and disappear among the trees, youths and maidens with a grace transported from the dance floor glide along in merry twosomes, foursomes and long queues. In the happy throng are many of a maturer age for the sport has no age limit and once on skis one is truly as young or old as one feels.

"Ski Specials," trains made up solely for the thousands of enthusiasts who trek to the hills for weekends, leave stations in Ottawa and Montreal jammed with a sturdy and cheering crowd bent on holidaying in the Laurentians. Famous are the ski trails of that region. Cheerful and comfortable are the lodges along the way where ravenous appetites created by the crisp air and delightful exercise find assuagement. Where once the wigwams of the redman stood there stand the ski lodges in which light laughter and light feet drift over the boards in dance after the ski trails are left behind for the moon to guard throughout the night. A cosmopolitan crowd are the skiers, and within their circle the stranger with skis as a passport, finds ready welcome.

Chasse Galeries

Down by the seashores of the Maritime provinces many a salty yarn is spun to an admiring circle by old sailors contentedly puffing their pipes in the lee of an upturned boat. There too, but more frequently at camps on inland lakes and rivers, are heard the oft-told tales, the legends of the MicMaes, the adventures of Glooscap, his battles and exploits.

Quebec also has its legends and many of these are closely related to the great river St. Lawrence, cradle of the French occupation of Canada. As the people of Quebec are deeply religious it is natural that much of the folk lore of the province centres about those who pay scant respect to le bon Dieu, fail to go to confession and are therefore fit subjects for Satan to play with. Such is the tale of Chasse Galerie which has many variations and is best and quaintly told to favoured visitors by many an old habitant on a winter eve.

That howling without! Maybe

'tis only the wind, mes amis, but then on a winter night, and especially as Christmas draws near, the canoe that floats among the clouds, the dread Chasse Galerie rides aloft bearing its cargo of wicked souls. Ha! They come from far away, those bad garcons, and one of them last All Saints Day poured a glass of rum down a knot hole in some church floor and repeated his wicked incantation. "Satan our master fair, Heave us up into the air,"—but the rest must not be spoken aloud by any good man. They come a camp way up on a river of the north where no railway reaches and no other means exist to bring them down to the Christmas dance at the village. Satan has bewitched their canoe. It rides on the wings of the wind. No sacred medals do they wear, no pious name escapes their lips, all church steeples are avoided, and presto they arrive at the dance, have their fling and morning finds them at camp. Shut tight the door. Maybe 'tis but the wind that howls without but it sounds very much like a boisterous crew singing a bold song. Allons! Let us go to bed where we are safe.

Salmon Fisheries of Hudson Bay

Anglers are always on the lookout for new fishing grounds and now that the Hudson Bay railway has been laid to Churchill, and the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario railway completed to Moosonee there will be many who journey to Hudson bay to test the newly accessible fishing waters reached by these lines. Salmon fishers will be able to study the habits of these denizens in northern waters.

Two species very closely related, the long-finned charr and the Greenland charr or Hearn's salmon are found in Hudson bay and to some extent in James bay. These fish are seldom found further south than the Church river on the west coast, or Cape Jones on the east coast. They frequent all rivers with sand or gravelled beds, proceeding upstream to spawn about the middle of August and returning at the breakup in the following spring. They are sometimes found migrating in enormous quantities. The flesh is pink in colour and very firm, and specimens up to 30 pounds have been

obtained, although 5 to 15 pounds is a more representative weight. Landlocked salmon are found in some of the inland lakes and while not to be had in commercial quantities, as a big game fish it has few superiors.

True salmon are seldom seen in Hudson bay proper, although considerable numbers are known to exist in Ungava bay, where the Hudson Bay Company have operated fisheries on the Georges, Whale, Leaf and Koksoak rivers, from which salted, pickled and fresh fish have been shipped to England.

Rugged Scenery of the Agawa Canyon

Northward from Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, the Algoma Central Railway traces a winding path through a primeval outdoor paradise. It follows at times the course of turbulent rivers and each mile brings into view a changing panorama of hills and valleys, lakes and streams, jagged peaks and velvety plains. It traverses a land of forests and game where swift waters run and there is sporty fishing, a land such as the sportsman dreams about but seldom sees.

Notwithstanding all that is gone before and all that is to come, as Mile 103 is passed the twelve miles of the Agawa Canyon impresses the traveller with the majesty of unspoiled nature. Bare rocks tower for hundreds of feet, splashed with marvelous colouring, and here and there clusters of green spruces eke a precarious living from the crevices of cliff faces. Streams of crystal water gush from the flanking walls, plunging down to join the rushing waters of the Agawa river as it flows down to rest in blue Superior. The train creeps along at the base of the cliffs, below tumbles the river, and the traveller is filled with wonder at the temerity of man in carving such a path on which to travel in safety and comfort.

The gateway of the Algoma country is Sault Ste. Marie, reached by a day's ride over paved roads, or an overnight run by train from Detroit, Chicago or Toronto.

Vancouver Island a Compendium of British Columbia

Vancouver Island, it has been

said, is the show-room of British Columbia, for scenically and industrially it is a complete epitome of the province, rivers, lakes, mountain-peaks, glaciers and snow fields, forests, parks and ocean beaches—all are represented. Agriculture and horticulture thrive side by side from mixed and dairy farming, fruit-growing, poultry raising to seed and bulb culture which is carried on in the southern portion. Logging and lumbering in all its phases is general, with mining on a large scale around Ladysmith, Cumberland and Nanaimo. Offshore are important commercial fisheries. The island abounds in all sorts of game—furred, finned and feathered. The Island Highway is the main artery, but the populous portion of the island is well covered with scenic routes, along which are strung a series of pleasant little towns and villages, each of which make excellent headquarters for holiday outings.

Holidaying in Pirate Haunts at Chester, Nova Scotia

Pirates seemed to have had the happy faculty of choosing beautiful spots as their hide-aways, and Captain Kidd proved that he was no exception as he evidently followed this custom in selecting Mahone bay as one of his haunts. The greater number of pirate headquarters are still inaccessible to most people, but Chester, a popular watering place on the south shore of Nova Scotia, is not of these for it is but a 41 mile run by train, or over Highway Number 3, from Halifax.

There one may join an expedition to Oak Island to search for still unlocated pirate gold, or spend golden hours yachting, bathing, fishing or shooting in the vicinity of Chester. There is a seaside golf course to make happy the days of the golfer and as for sea food the scallops of Chester are renowned. A rich reward in a sea view which includes both Mahone and St. Margaret's bays awaits those who climb "Aspotagan" the highest eminence in that part of the province.

Many years ago a privateer was burned on Mahone bay, and the story relates that an apparition of this vessel, the "Fire Ship", appeared on several occasions.

MERRY ANDREW'S RHYME OF THE DAY

(Moustaches are to be worn by the Household troops.)

Soldiers of the King! In their coats of red!
Plumage fluttering from the armed head!
When the lip is shaved can they cut a dash?
Women are enslaved by the bold moustache!
Oh, yes, I long to see again before the old flag dips
The whiskers of the warrior above the many lips,
That facial vegetation of a vanished and superb age.
The masterful moustachio—the military herbage!
How useful is the cover of that bushy barricade
To lurk behind in safety from the deadly cannonade!
The snipers in the infantry should have the privilege
To cultivate dundrearies as a handy sort of hedge.
While soldiers who now suffer from the open neck should test
The comfort of a beaver to protect the manly chest!
Wax the curling tips! Never let it droop!
Draw it through the lips when it's in the soup.
Unembarrassed teeth let the Navy gnash
At the grin beneath every bold moustache!

Merry Andrew.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

When the street singer will give us a recital. Whether Piccolo Pete was giving us his version of "The Dying Cow-Boy" or was he just practising the other night.

That certain young Trooper who was caught making New Years resolutions the other day.

1.—What were they?

2.—What did he do with them?

What one of our N.C.O's said when he found a nickle in the Christmas cake? and who claimed it?

That Trooper who would give a Lady friend of his the moon if he could reach it?

"Nearly all of the misery in the world, if not all of it, is due to the evil in people's imaginations."—Canon Dewar.

Educational Training.

With apologies to W. C. Zellar and R. J. Yeaton.

(And Know All This.)

Every schoolmaster knows that for every person who wants to teach there are approximately 30 who don't want to learn—much.

In fact, the Sad Thing about Education is that nobody loves it—much (bad luck.)

This has been the chief Educational Problem for the past two or three hundred or thousand (say hundred thousand) years, and it sometimes surprises the authors to think how easily they solved it. (Don't mention it.) The truth is—Education is no good unless you know it, the rest is just useless knowledge.

To start our Educational Training season the following test paper is submitted.

Test Paper on
Absolutely General Knowledge
Time allowed—5 Minutes

1.—How are you?

2.—Who are you?

3.—Who gave you that name?

4.—(a) Can you give us the right time? or

(b) Are you a stranger in these parts yourself?

(N.B. Candidates marked with an asterisk may use the India Rubber.)

5.—What are you doing now?

6.—(i) What would you like to do next?

(ii) Have you done it?

(iii) What are you thinking about now?

7.—Father and Mother have I none, but that man's father, was my father's fag at Oxford." What do you know about that?

8.—(a) If there were ten horses in for a race and you burned your boots and put your shirt on the favourite and said you would eat your hat if it didn't come in first and it came in last and they couldn't get the shirt off and you'd left your hat in the cloak-room—

(b) Are you attending?

9.—Would you like to stop now? (If so (i) hand in your paper if you have written anything on it, and (ii) tear up your blotting paper if you have drawn anything silly on it.)

10.—(a) Have you got nice physical features? if so,

x (b) Are you doing anything this evening?

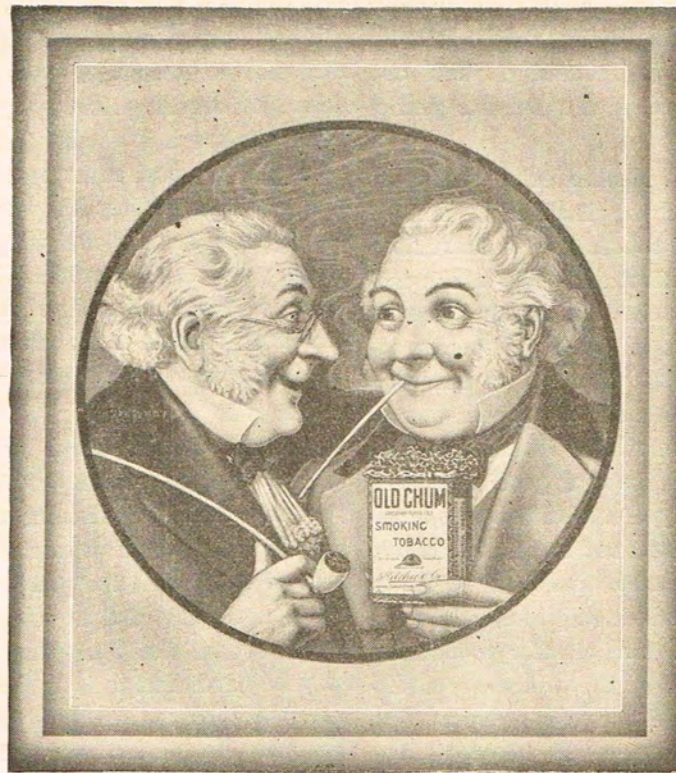
x—for woman candidates only.

The Self Education of the Soldier.

Part II

Success after Leaving the Service

When we approach the problem of civil employment for ex-soldiers and the question of how a serving soldier may fit himself for a position in civil life our subject of self-education becomes complicated by the variety of men's occupations, but at the same time limited to the consideration of pursuits which are followed by both the civilian and the serving soldier, for, although their paths are sometimes divergent and are always distinctly defined, both army life and civil life are so wide that they often touch and may even overlap. The Army is a self-supporting society; like other societies it requires men of very trade and profession—from a silversmith to a type-setter, from a platelayer to a policeman, from trained nurses to trained teachers. If they cannot get these men already trained in civil life the Army offers to train them in the unit where they are and in this way guarantee a steady supply of well-taught men. But the young soldier who has visions of civil employment easily obtained at the end of his service as a result of the free technical training he has received from the Army must not forget that the courses are Army courses, designed for military ends and that they must be supplemented with private study and by information from other sources. Thus a soldier fresh from the School of Cookery could not hope to enter into successful competition with the trained cooks of civil life. This and similar courses, claim only to provide the knowledge needed by a squadron cook or a regimental cook. Nevertheless a military course of instruction has often provided a training which the soldier has developed while serving and put to good use on his return to civil life. The Army is considering the practice



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FOR THE PIPE

CUT FINE
FOR CIGARETTES

THE TOBACCO OF QUALITY

"Chantecler" cigarette papers FREE with Old Chum fine cut.

ability of increasing the facilities for the technical instruction of nearly time-expired men.

Consider a particular case: A young man has joined the Royal Engineers. He worked well on the square and was not slow in gaining his Third Class certificate of education. His "Second" soon followed and now that he is posted to his company he is reading for his "First". He begins to look about him. He will **avoid this** particular course—it is overcrowded; another leads nowhere; for a third he does not feel himself suited. Let us say he choose the Survey course. He qualifies for the course and does justice to the recommendations that caused him to be sent there for instruction. When he returns to surveying work in his company he will use every opportunity of becoming well versed in all branches of the profession. He will read carefully the textbooks of surveying, trigonometry and kindred subjects and may well take a correspondence course with one of the many schools that undertake this work. Long before the end of his service he will have been in touch with likely sources of employment and when he re-enters civilian life he will not be found wanting in competition with civilian workers in the same line of business who, beginning as he will be doing, may very likely have had fewer opportunities for practical work. This is a very typical case: the name of any other corps and of any trade or profession may be substituted within the limits of King's Regulations and Order (C.M.)

The military and physical training departments of our secondary and elementary schools are managed almost entirely by ex-soldiers. It is a province peculiarly their own. Instructors who have served in the army and have been employed in the gymnasium or on the square are earning good money in the big towns, private pupils proving a surprisingly constant source of income.

There is a great demand for dispensers, trained nurses, laboratory attendants, etc., in the hospitals, in colleges, and in the service of private doctors. The R.C.A.M.C. has courses for these and really skilled men are turned out. They need never join the ranks of the unemployed.

The mess caterer does not learn

his business from a course of technical instruction, but many a butler owes his position to the training he received in the intricate administration of an officers' mess. A position in a hotel is usually more highly paid, and, strangely enough, less exacting, than one in the service of a private gentleman.

The Mechanical Transport branch of the R.C.A.S.C. and of course the R.C.A.F. give instruction in the control and care of the motor-car, while the nearly time-expired man is given an especial opportunity in this line to enter civil life with a trade in his hands. The International Correspondence Schools have a good course in the theory of the internal-combustion engine, but it is, of course, useless without practical work on a car. Besides registering himself through the ordinary channels in civil life, the would-be chauffeur should watch the papers. The business is not nearly so crowded as it was only two or three years ago.

The many courses of the Royal Canadian Engineers in draughtsmanship, electricity, mechanical engineering, etc. can be admirably supplemented by reading and by correspondence colleges; many cases come to mind of one-time sappers who are doing remarkably well at home and in the other British Colonies.

The soldier who is employed in the office has exceptional opportunities for fitting himself for a clerical position. Every office has a typewriter, and paper is cheap. He should practice with different machines and aim at accuracy with a fair rate of speed. Pitman's is the universal and probably the best shorthand system and there are many excellent text-books on book-keeping. More than a medium rate of shorthand is now necessary. A comfortable 100 words a minute is the least speed qualification for the clerk who has no particular knowledge in other directions. He should not hesitate to enter for the examinations held annually. If a man knows any other language than his own he has a big start in the race; The soldier in a big town may be given opportunities to attend the evening classes of a technical school where he would have the very real advantage of being able to converse in the languages which he has cho-

sen. A qualification that the soldier is apt to overlook is the ability to write a letter in good English and in a legible hand. His office training will help him to reach a fair standard, but good letter writers are becoming more and more rare and so more and more valuable. Further than this, every man who answers a "Vacant" advertisement by post must remember that he is providing his would-be employer with only one sample on which to judge his worth. Let it then be a good specimen of himself self-not boastful or diffident, but truthful and straightforward.

But it is not given to all to be smart at clerical work. Circumstances of early training often prevent a man from pursuing an employment in which a certain degree of skill with the pen or pencil is necessary. An excellent steward or an excellent blacksmith may be hard. Put to it to show his excellence on paper, but each is probably as good a worker in the kitchen or the workshop as the book-keeper, the draughtsman or the teacher in the office or the school.

Let him settle on the employment or post for which he means to qualify, register himself through the proper channels and go straight ahead with his project. For some of the Post Office and Police Force positions the candidate must qualify by a civil service examination, sometimes dispensed with for men with a Second Class certificate of education. At the same time he should keep an eye on the "Wanted" columns of the Press, for the vast extent of the Government's work renders nearly impossible the accurate prediction of the number of vacancies and the date of their occurrence.

It is a commonplace to say that the world judges a man by the degree of his success, but success is a very indeterminate quantity. It is possible to have amassed wealth and yet to have failed. The poor tenant may have managed his life with much greater success than attended his rich landlord. Nevertheless, it is natural and right for men to "love forward steps," to wish to be independent of the sordid little worries of poverty, and it is unnatural and wrong for men to adopt that attitude which says: "Let the world spin on; I don't much mind what happens." This

laissez-faire policy becomes worse; the "don't care" man becomes a "might-have-been"; when middle age makes the wheels of time go faster and faster and the opportunities are gone, there is no more better reflection than the consciousness of failure.

Advice as to where to seek employment can be obtained through the good Officers of the various "Old Comrades Associations" and very often from Ex-Officers and men who have become established in civil life.

When you contemplate leaving the service, let the fact become known and also the line of work that you would like to follow, it is surprising the help that can be obtained when a lot of people know what you want or would like to do.

Sergeant—was going away on Christmas leave, as it was an all night trip he took a birth in a pullman—Sergeant to Porter: "I want you to call me at 6.15 in the morning, as I want to get off at York station."

Porter "Yus Suh, ah'll wake Yuh Suh."

Sergeant "I am hard to wake up in the morning, and very cross, no matter what I do or what I say you see that I am put off at that station, and I'll make it right with you, do you understand?"

Porter: Yus, Yus, Suh, I understand Suh."

It was broad daylight when the Sergeant woke up, he looked at his watch, it was 7.15.

Full of wrath the Sergeant met the Conductor.

What in the—what the—Say listen, I wanted to be called at 6.15 this morning "WHAT'S the big idea?"

The conductor smiled.

"Mon, ye may curse, and ye may swear, but ye'll have to go some to beat the man we put off at York."

The Orderly Sergeant and a young officer were inspecting the cook-house. "Pointing to a large copper of water just beginning to boil, the officer said: "Why does that water only boil round the edges of the copper and not in the center?"

"That water round the edge Sir," replied the Sergeant, "is for the men on guard; they have their breakfast half an hour before the remainder of the squadron."

Letters to the Editor.

Dear Capt. Wood:

Having noticed in the last issue of The Goat, Jimmy Dee's letter, your inquiry re J. H. Smucks, address, thought it would be to bad not to put these two in touch with one another.

For a number of years, while J. L. was S.S.M. and Jimmy a Sergeant, this pair were what you might term very friendly enemies and kept the rest of us both amused and interested, it was quite unusual not to see these two at Orderly Room and invariably it was the S.S.M. having Jimmy up on the carpet for being late for parade or for being absent from stables. The excuse always from Jimmy Dee, was that he had slipped over to his quarters to have a cup of tea. "How he did like his tea" Needless to say the punishments handed out were not very severe and after about five years I would say, honours were about even, so perhaps if we can put these two in touch with each other they may still supply us with a little entertainment.

Yours truly,
M. MEDHURST,
(Medhurst Hardware)
144 Davenport Road,
Toronto.

P.S.—Was nearly forgetting the address.

Mr. J. H. Smuck,
2469 Ottawa Ave.,
West Vancouver, B.C.

The following letter has been received by the Mess Sec'y 'B' Sqn. Mens Mess and is published for the information of all ranks of 'B' Squadron.

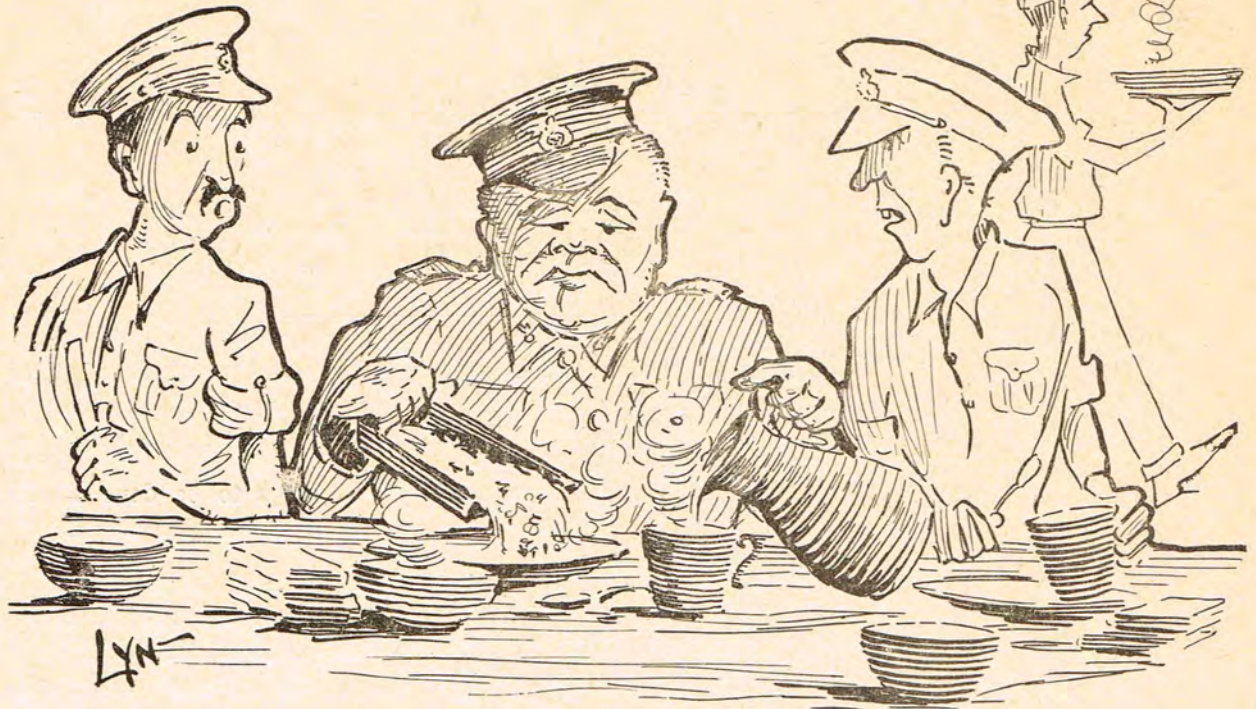
Coronation Building,
Montreal, Que.
January 3, 1933.

'B' Squadron Men's Mess,
Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Dear Harrison:

Of all the cards received this festive season, the one from men of old 'B' Squadron gave me the greatest pleasure. It is twenty-two years since I had the honour to lead a troop in 'B', but you never forget your first love. Mrs. Bowie joins me in wishing every one of you the very best of luck for 1933.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Douglas Bowie.



There were the usual complaints.

The following letter was received by S.S.M.I. J. Copeland, D. C.M. at the termination of the last Royal School of Cavalry.

To S.S.M. J. Copeland, D.C.M.
"B" Sqn. R.C.D.

Sir:—

With our six weeks course on the verge of termination, we the attached N.C.O's and Men of the Royal School of Cavalry wish to extend to the N.C.O's. and Men of "B" Squadron Royal Canadian Dragoons, our very sincere thanks and appreciation for the manner in which they have co-operated with us. We feel sure that many points in proficient soldiering have been thus handed down to us, and have proven instrumental in assisting us to pass our examinations. The excellent feeling of esprit-de-corps which has existed, and the harmony of good-fellowship has made our stay a very pleasant one, and we leave with very happy memories.

Wishing you all the best of luck and every success in the field of sport, and in any venture you may undertake, and we are confident that you will reach the goal.
(Signed) "The Attached."

Some Transfers which did not Take Place are as Follows:

Tpr. Alderson, from First Troop to Second Troop, in exchange for a part-worn curry-comb. (Second Troop, we believe

did not have any part-worn curry-combs.)

"Chopper" from Second Troop to Third Troop, in exchange for one extra stablesman. (This fell through when it was found that Third Troop couldn't arrange anything, due to the loss of their "Daddy-of-them-All.")

Joe, the Tiger, from First troop into oblivion. (This transfer was automatically cancelled when the Canteen closed before Tiger Joe was ready to pass out.)

Causing some severe upset among the wise lads up here, Tpr. George Washington did not use his C.N.R. season ticket between Toronto and St. Johns and fooled all the expects by going to Rochester, N.Y. On his return, he not only said "Atta Boy" through the corner of his mouth, but he also showed a stronger tendency to chew gum, and say "Wal, I reckon."

"It looks to me as though we have seen the worst and there will be a gradual recovery."—Charles M. Schwab.

WONDER

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FLASHBACK The Goat Jan 1933

FOR THE GROOM.

Things to be done while your horse is out hunting.

- 1.—Get the bed spread evenly in his box, clean straw on top.
- 2.—Get the hay rack filled up.
- 3.—Before going to your dinner make the bran mash with boiling water, put a sack over the bucket, wrap some straw round the bucket, and leave it for a long time, and if too hot when your horse comes in (horses like their food warm but not hot) spread it out on an open sack and it will soon cool.
- 4.—Have some water ($\frac{1}{4}$ bucket-full is plenty) hot, ready to mix a chilled drink for him him from 2.00 p.m. onwards.
- 5.—Roll up the bandages and have them handy.
- 6.—As soon as it gets too dark to see well in the stable put on the light.
- 7.—Be on the lookout for the return of your horse and if any other duty should take you away from the vicinity of the stable arrange with someone else to come and let you know the moment your horse arrives.

These things are all done by every good groom who knows his job and takes an interest in keeping his horses fit; but it is not everyone who fully understands the importance of doing all these things in the exact order mentioned. Follow this sequence exactly and you will save yourself much time and trouble, and your horse a considerable amount of discom-

fort at a time when he is tired and deserving of the best of respect and good treatment.

Things to be done when your horse comes from hunting.

- 1.—Bring him straight to his own place in the stable.
- 2.—Remove the bridle.
- 3.—Loosen the girths, raise the saddle a few times and return it to the original position.
- 4.—Throw the rug over him.
- 6.—Rub down his legs and belly with clean straw.
- 5.—Get him his chilled drink.
- 7.—Pick out feet and make a rapid search of legs for thorns or cuts.
- 8.—Pull back rug, remove saddle and message saddle-patch for a few minutes.
- 9.—Put on the rug properly and fasten body roller.
- 10.—Sponge out eyes, nostrills and dock.
- 11.—Get all dirt off his legs.
- 12.—Put on flannel bandages very loosely.
- 13.—Feed, take your saddlery and tack away, shut up the stable and remain away for at least an hour.
- 14.—When you return, give him 15 minutes (not more) vigorous strapping, this will relieve him of the discomfort of caked sweat and will increase his circulation.
- 15.—At last feed time, square up the bedding, straighten up his clothing, give him his feed and as soon as he starts feeding leave him.
- 16.—Report to your employer all well or otherwise.

The Keys.

By H. V. Morton

It was a quarter to ten on a fine evening. A Taxicab cruising along Piccadilly pulled to the kerb beside me.

"The Tower of London" I said.

I suppose that he had often been ordered to strange places at strange hours, but this seemed to surprise him, and it is a great achievement to surprise a London Taxicab driver. He looked interested.

"Right up to the gate, sir? he asked doubtfully.

"Right up to the gate" I replied.

We sped down crowded, glowing Piccadilly into Trafalgar Square, along the dark embankment, and into the deserted city of London. We rattled over Tower Hill and drew up with, on our left, the grey shrouded fortress piled behind its moat, faintly white, grim, ghostly. In the shadows of the barrier gate a figure moved, lamplight shone a second on a bayonet and picked out a sentry's scarlet tunic.

"I have permission to see the

night ringing the shadow of walls over the stones—sharp black and faint gray and through the wide arch of the Byward tower a luminous vista of turrets and battlements lying silent like a dream of Camelot.

The centuries fall away every night when darkness comes to The Tower of London. If any spot on earth is haunted here it is. From those erie gateways, those unexpected postern gates, from those shadowy, machiolated walks what might not come in the silence of the night... what white woman wringing her hands, what sad favourite of Kings.

The head warder, wearing a long scarlet cloak and a black ribboned Tudor bonnet, came from the Byward Tower carrying a bunch of keys and an old lantern which burned a tallow candle.

He stood waiting, a splendid touch of colour in the dark frame

and to turn the tower again into a moated mediaeval stronghold barred against the perils of the night. Few people have seen this ceremony, and when it began and by whom no one knows.

The ritual is lost in history, it may be as old as the Tower of London. The head warder strode off towards the Wakefield Tower, his boots ringing on the stones, the lantern bobbing at his side making a yellow moon on his scarlet cloak. Through the gate of the Bloody Tower is the Guardroom. Outside this he paused and cried in a loud voice—"Escort for the Keys."

There was a clatter of military boots and a thud of rifle butts as a sergeant and four men fell in. With the Keys and the swaying lantern they moved off.

As the sentries saw the approach of the little procession with its dancing lantern they shouldered

their rifles and—ferlick-crack' they saluted.

So the King Keys passed on into the outer ward.

Each sentry on the march to the barrier gate saluted as the Keys went by.

At the wicket gate the escort halted, the warder closed the gates, the escort turned about and... once again the ringing feet on the stones and the glitter of the lantern.

I stood by Traitors Gate—jet black bars and the water steps in the pool of lamplight, and watched them come back towards the Bloody Tower the way they had gone; only this time they had paused at the Middle tower, and the two huge walls of oak were slowly moved and the great gate locked, the same at the Byward Tower. Now they approached the Bloody Tower, returning to the Guardroom, in the darkness of the great arch, the sentry stamped on the ground with his foot and cried "Halt" Who comes here?"

The head warder with the keys and the escort stood still.

"The Keys" the warder answered.

"Whose keys?" demanded the sentry.

Do you drink plenty of Milk?

Milk is one of the most nourishing foods obtainable and should be included in the daily diet of every person. Drink at least a quart a day of milk which you know to be pure, rich and wholesome for.....health!

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"King Georges Keys."

"Advance King Georges Keys
—All's well."

Tramp, tramp went the men with the Kings Keys up the slope through the pitch black gate of the Bloody Tower to the Guardroom. Here on the terrace was drawn up the Guard in charge of an officer with a drawn sword. The lamps shone over the uniforms, glittered on scarlet tunics, buttons, bare steel and high bear skins.

The men with the Keys stood at the foot of the steps facing the guard. The Officer cried "Guard and Escort present arms."

Up went his sword hilt to his mouth, and down it flashed in salute as went the rifles went flick-flock-crack in a cloud of pipeclay, so they stood a second. The head warder then took two paces forward, removed his Tudor bonnet, and cried;

"God preserve King George."

The guard, from the Officer to the drummer boy answered:—"Amen".

The guard dismissed the warder mounted a flight of dim steps with the Keys, which he took to the House of the Governor of the Tower for safe custody through the night. A bell like clock among the grey turrets... a sentry placed in the darkness of the gate... clear on the air sounded a bugle playing the "Last Post."

The Tower of London was locked up.

No man could now move without the countersign. Each gate meant detention if you did not know it. From the outside world of London no man could enter unless he knew that secret password, changed each night and sent to the King each day.

As it was a thousand years ago, so it is every night when the Kings Keys go by.....

Out into the empty gauntness of Tower Hill I went, feeling that I had fallen for a little while into some ancient dream.

Advertisement.

A short History, just published, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons illustrated, price \$1.00 per copy, post free.

Apply either to The Goat office Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., or to the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

Hogmanay Dance:—The Sergeants of the 38th Ottawa Highlanders entertained a large number of guests at a dance on New Years eve in their mess in the Drill hall. Lieut. Col. Guy S. MacFarlane M.C., and a number of other officers of the unit were present as well as representatives of sister units. Ancient Scottish customs were the order of the night and the spirit of the evening was well presented.

New Years Day:—The time honored custom of mess visiting was indulged in on the 2nd instant when the various units of the garrison kept open house for their friends. Previous to this a large number of officers of the garrison attended at the levee in the House of Commons held by His Excellency the Governor General. Major General A. G. McNaughton and Brig-General A. H. Bell, represented Defence Headquarters at the Messes. They were attended on

their rounds by Major Donald Grant, M.C. R.C.D.

In New Quarters:—The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, the 1st Brigade Canadian Field Artillery and the 2nd Divisional Signals, all occupied their new mess rooms in the Regal building on New Year's day. This is the first time that any festivities have been held in the building since it was occupied by the units.

At Headquarters:—A new face has appeared at Defence Headquarters within the last few weeks, the owner being Major Donald Grant M.C., R.C.D., who has taken over the duties formerly performed by Major W.E.L. Coleman. Major Coleman has gone to the records division taking over the duties formerly attended to by Lt.-Col. Clyde Scott, who has been appointed private secretary to the Minister. The boys of the old brigade extend a hearty welcome to Major Grant on his transfer.

Random Remarks.

By J. B. H.

A foal to Horse No. 'B' 30 in 1929, won third prize at the Winter Fair on the competition for the Governor General's Cup for Horses Suitable to become Hunters.

Congratulations are extended to S.S.M.I. J. Copeland, D.C.M., and to A/S.S.M. C. Sayger, on their recent promotions.

The Bold Albert has asked us to report the loss or damage of his false teeth, and to advertise for any old pair that might fit him. They must be deep in the roof to ensure easy swallowing. It appears that Albert, sometimes known as "Bluebell" washed his false teeth along with the dishes and then placed them in the oven to dry, and forget about them until three days later.

Visitors to Barracks during the festive season including Mr. E. W. H. Berwick, Sgt. Hider, Tpr. Sander all from St. Johns. We are sorry to be out when the last named called but we were unavoidably away up North on leave. Ex-Tpr. Frank Hayes, and Tommy Rogers were also visitors to barracks over the holiday. It was nice to see them both.

We are constantly being reminded of the fact that the Goat is composed largely of St. Johns news, and once again we ask any man in 'B' squadron who knows anything that might be of interest, to get in touch with their local staff of reporters. There are just as many interesting events happening in Toronto, as are happening in St. Johns.

We welcome Tpr. E. O'Neill to "B" Squadron on transfer from 'A' Interviewed shortly after his arrival, he is quoted as saying "I

liked St. Johns alright, but the rural atmosphere down there just got me."

INDOOR POLO

The Indoor Polo season at the Eglinton Hunt Club has just started, and once again the R. C.D. have a strong representative team in the field. Capt. Bate is a new performer, as is Lieut. A. D. Mann. The other personnel of the team consists of Capt. C. C. Mann, with two ponies. As Lieut. A. D. Mann has a pony, the string office should last the season, and are already in perfect condition. The Masters Polo Shield competition starts about the end of January, and by that time (with a good handicap) the "Drags" should provide some strong competition to all their opponents. H. A. P.

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Three-Fold Joy of
Arab Horse Breeding.

By Grace A. L. Vaughan Williams

Courtesy of The Live Stock
Journal

There is an Arab proverb which says, "After man, the most eminent creature is the horse. the best employment is that of rearing it; the most delightful posture is that of sitting on its back; and the most meritorious of domestic actions is that of feeding it."

No one can doubt the "eminence" of the horse who has watched the proud carriage of an Arab stallion—his dancing step, his flying mane and waving tail—the watcher knows, and the horse knows, himself, that he is one of the most beautiful creatures ever made. No one who has been lucky enough to see a herd of two-year old colts galloping across open country could do anything but rejoice in the beauty of the sight.

The proverb is no exaggeration. Let us consider the matter. First,

"The best employment is that of rearing." The mare is especially important in Arab horse breeding as it is her strain or family that gives the name to her progeny. If one is fortunate enough to be the owner of a mare of good strain, immense care must be taken in finding her a mate with a good pedigree.

When an Arab mare is in foal she becomes very affectionate, and likes to feel that her master or mistress is near by. She likes foaling best in the field by herself, and then to be helped with sugar, a drink of warm water, and later a mash. When she is standing up comes the excitement of watching the foal's attempts to get up. Perhaps one helps it to do so, and I believe that you then make friends with the foal for life. It may grow shy when it is older and stronger but that will only be for a week or so if care is taken.

Artificial Feeding

We once had a mare unable to feed her foal, and there may be some readers who would like to

know how we brought him up. He always had milk from the same cow; he was fed five or six times a day first from a bottle and then from a pail. The milk with a proportion of water added was warmed to natural temperature and sweetened with brown cane sugar, and once a day cod liver oil was added. This system was most successful.

The colt was as friendly as any dog—he came into the kitchen for his milk, walked round the drawing-room table; and used to lie at my feet on the lawn. He has never forgotten and when he was two years old escaped from a field one night, came straight to the drawing-room window, and the next morning we found the marks his nose had made on the window and his feet in the flower-bed. Helping him to grow daily stronger and finer was certainly an excellent employment.

An Arab Superstition

I still remember the first ride I had on an Arab over twenty years ago, and I have never wav-

ered from that moment in thinking Arabs the most perfect riding horses—whether it is for a short hour full of dancing and quick spurts or for riding tours of many days. An Arab Potentate told me this year that they have a saying in their country that no harm will ever befall the master while he is riding a bay horse with a white near hind foot. Our horses' favourite ride is a path through woods and up and down steep hills. There they show to perfection the Arab's power of changing from a walk to a canter the moment they are at the bottom of one hill and starting up the next.

As to the last item quoted above—that "the most meritorious of domestic actions is that of feeding it," I think grooming ought to be included with feeding. I doubt if any one knows what it is to really care for a horse until they have done both. The feel of horses' limbs as you brush them—the textures of their skins, and of their manes and tails, are only to be enjoyed by

those who really handle them. The fact that horses have to be fed and cared for whether you yourself are feeling well or tired makes them all the more important. Perhaps one wants a mash and you have to boil a special kettle over the drawing room fire; another one refuses to drink rain water and has to have his pail filled from a special spring. It takes time and care to distinguish the different whinnies—whether for food, water, or just that attention is wanted, from master or mistress.

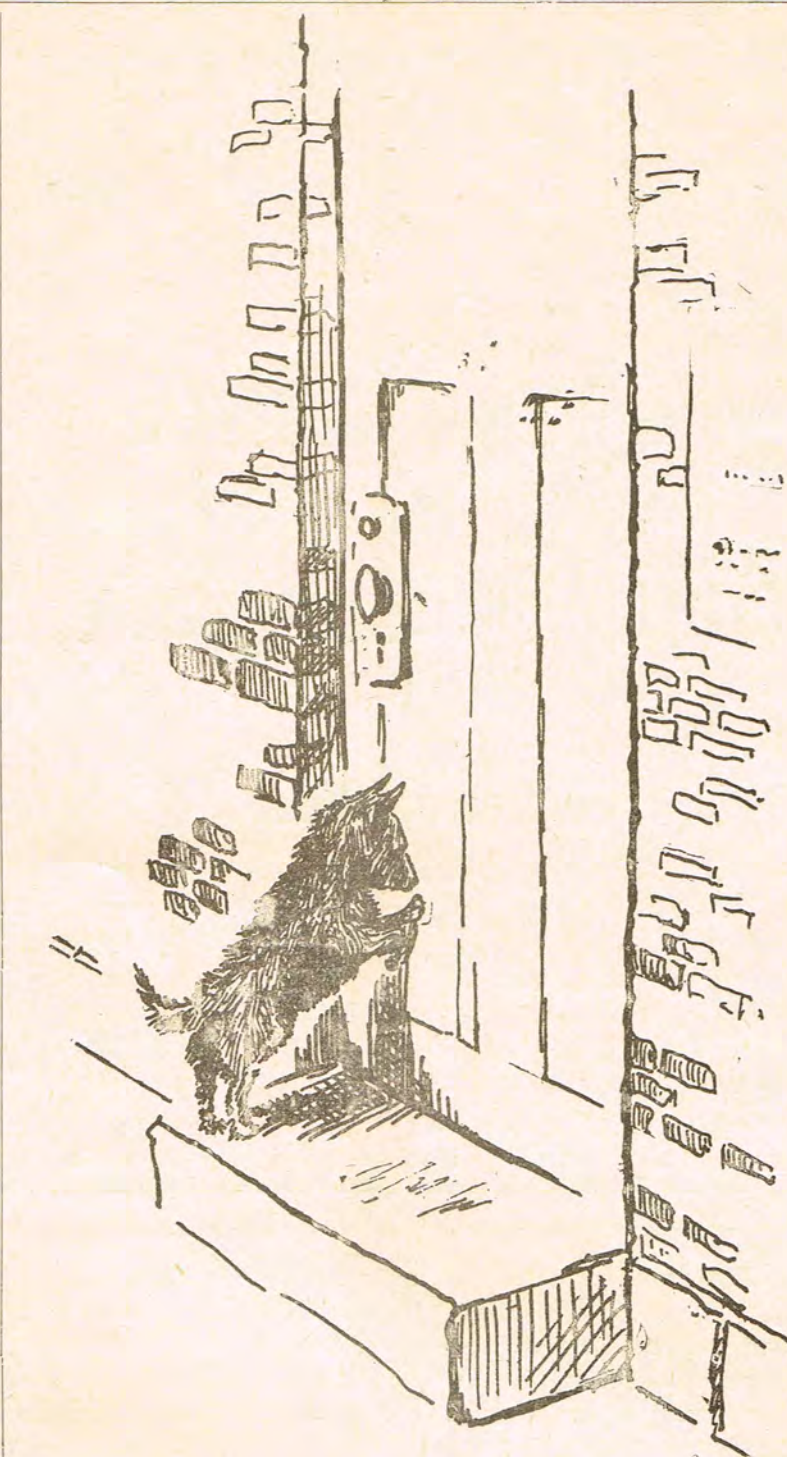
A Wonderful Experience

There are not many people in this country who are lucky enough to be able to rear, feed, and ride the same horse, but those few are extraordinarily fortunate. To ride an Arab filly who has known no other home and no other master and has been trained at home and always gently handled is a wonderful experience. Such a filly seems to have but one wish—to find out what her rider wants and to do it as well as she can. And when lessons are over and she is turned out in the field, instead of galloping away to join the others she will always turn back to the gate for a final caress. The joy of such riding is threefold, and brings for the love of your Arab horse, health, pleasure, and gratitude

FAMOUS WARRIOR STRUCK BY STRANGE DISEASE

Doctors, puzzled over unusual ailment, assert patient may recover.

Having worked for several days until 3.00 a.m. decorating the Gym for the Christmas tree, helped with the School of Infantry, scrubbed out the Gym several times a day, and walked miles for Coal, Kings Corporal Thomas Duff, at last broke down under the terrific strain, and is lying, a broken man, in the Station Hospital. At the time of writing, the Hero of Festubert, Mons, Vimy, and other campaigns too numerous to mention, is veritably a broken man, and is almost too weak to eat (nothing said about drinking) The M.O., after making a thorough examination, was heard to mutter "Nothing but the extraordinary SPIRITS of (or in) the man, has kept him on his feet for so



The Sergeants' Mess
"His Master's Voice"

long." Who would have thought that the Bosche Terror would have fallen prey to such a minor complaint as "Bronchitis" spelled LEAD SWINGING.

While we do not want to accuse the Assistant Editor of being prejudiced against 'B' Squadron, we must admit that some of our Literary Masterpieces have not been published until the news becomes stale. We object very strongly to having comments on current attractions by us, apparently dug up at some later date, and put in to fill up space, and while we expect to read an account of the Camp Sports for 1931 in a forthcoming issue, we ask our readers not to

think we are that hard up for news.

We notice that our own local 'Shreik Slinger' has transferred his talents to a spot not far from the Piquet Room. He may be heard nightly, serenading the Horses, or singing sweet lullabys to help them to sleep, (or, as we remember very vividly, to keep them awake.)

It is reported that after a recent theatrical performance the audience went home together in a taxi.

The Goat is printed by E. R. Smith Co., Limited, General Printers, St. Johns, Q. C.

A Regimental Cinderella.

By J. B. H.

The dishes were piled high in the sink, and were covered with a thick coating of grease as the water became colder and colder. A thick line of greenish slime, straighter by far than ever was a line of cavalry marked that spot in the sink where the water had once been, and the sink was now almost empty of water, and only the grease and slime remained to convince the dishes that they were being washed.

Viewing all this, and with a vacant look on his face stood 'Bluebell' sometimes known as 'The Bold Albert', and although his arms were covered with grease to above his elbows, he didn't seem to care. In fact, if the truth be known, Bluebell's mind was far from his work, and the Mess Kitchen, for the Bold Albert was giving his imagination a free rein. Some day, thought he, as he absent mindedly poured the remainder of the dish water into the coffee urn. Someday he would rise from his lowly position, and rub shoulders with the elite, the aristocracy, the blue-blooded, and so strong was his imagination that even as he emptied the garbage bucket into tomorrow's soup, he could vision himself, clad in morning coat and white spats walking down Piccadilly, while whole regiments of his servants brought up the rear, and Pleasant, his faithful valet, murmured in his ears. "Is 'ighness wishes to know if he can come to your birthday party tomorrow Sir."

His train of thought was rudely cut short by the irate cook Sergeant who told him it was almost supper time, and to "Op to it." and so he once more turned his attention to the sink and its contents. But in his heart he promised himself, that if only for one night, he would step out of his world, and look eye to eye with Lord Plushbotham, and his circle of friends.

The big night had at last come. For once in his life, Bluebell alias The Bold Albert was forsaking the path of dirty dishes and greasy pan, A Formal Dance was being held at the Royal York, and Bluebell had found a ticket which someone had accidentally thrown

away. His heart beating a lot faster than that of the most timid debutante on the occasion of her "coming-out" party, Bluebell was carefully dressed by his more than willing comrades. Patent Leather shoes, trousers with a silk stripe, issue braces, and socks, (not included with the outfit) a boiled shirt that was positively stewed, black bow tie with a butterfly collar that looked as if it had just completed an East to West Atlantic crossing, and finally, the Tuxedo Jacket with wide silk lapels. All these were gracefully draped over Bluebell's manly form, and at last he was ready to go. Although a bit doubtful when he was told that one doesn't dance in overshos, nor does one wear an issue fur hat with evening dress, Bluebell, forsook his "makings" and lighting an Abdullah (with gold tip), bought specially for the occasion, he "bummed" a match, hitched up his trousers and was gone.

Two hours later he returned for his ticket, which he had salted away in an old sock in the bottom of his trunk.

Six hours after this, Bluebell, the Bold Albert himself, was back among his dishes, and pans, listening to the many queries as to which was coffee and which was soup. But Bluebell cared not, for he had had his night, and already his mind was back to the events of the night before, when he met the Lord Plushbotham and his circle of friends, the elite, the aristocracy the blue-blooded, even if they all left as soon as he arrived. Bring on your dirty dishes and greasy pans. Bluebell didn't care, for he had lived, for the one night, he had tasted of the forbidden fruit, had been given a glimpse of a world that was not his. As he broke eleven eggs into a pan for his breakfast, his thoughts were pleasant. The eggs sizzled cheerfully, the smell was sweet. Even the grease in the sink took on a roseate hue. Life is sweet thought Bluebell, as he prepared to consume the eleventh egg, and looked round for his nine pieces of buttered toast. Home was never like this. he drew in a deep breath, pregnant with satisfaction. Bluebell is content. (The last, with apologies to Buff.)

Whatever you buy, let the Advertisements be your guide.

"In Love and War."

(By Jack Paterson)

(With the kind permission of the Legionary)

GENTS, stated the Queer Fellah gazing dreamily into the milk blue sky, "Spring she's came!"

"Yah," the occupant of the next sun-cot observed thoughtfully, "Kinda figured I'd be out of here this Spring—," his voice trailed.

Another stirred drowsily in the sun. Ten years ago to-day a gang of us dived into the old La Basse canal. First bath in two months. Played ball with Yank airdrome that same night. They didn't know Canucks played baseball. We beat 'em nine-four; and," he chuckled "they didn't like it—much."

"Speaking of baseball," remarked the Queer Fellah, "reminds me of Swindle Rogers; but it's of some length. How's the enemy?"

"Ten-thirty. Got an hour yet," someone advised. "Shoot!"

"I was in Calgary, and Swindle looked me up on his way through from the coast." (The Queer Fellah delved back into his memory.) "Hadn't seen him since the big squabble and the meeting was a real event. As for the greeting—any of you birds can fill that in quite nicely.

"Swindle was selling what he proudly called, 'A natural gift of providence, known throughout the ages by man woman and beast, but never really appreciated until put by the Crematon,' people into it's present convenient form."

"He flashed a sample to prove his statement and added, 'health giving, body-building, and world-beating,' to top it off. Anyway it was just a new species of canned milk. I was in the coal and ice business, which was all that saved me.

"We yapped about the old days and old ways, then started lining up a few of the old boys.

"Red Bowen, one of our old officers, was playing pro-ball in town, but the news wasn't news to Swindle.

"He's one big reason I'm here to-day," my visitor informed me and insisted on dragging me out to the ball-park to show me what he

called 'the other excuse.'

"On the way out I gleaned the information that there would be a deal closed, and that it all dated back to France.

"That sounded not so cold. The army deals of Swindle Rogers were old stuff to anyone who knew him. Nearly everyone had been hooked at least once.

"Swindle was the company high-finance artist, and used the 'feast and famine' system. He was a born salesman and could rightfully claim the distinction of having been the first troop to properly introduce a transport mule at the back door of a Belgian butter shop and collect a thousand francs for the shrinking victim. Some claim he even peddled the Colonel's nag, but that item Swindle always denied. Even war-time butchers had certain standards, he claimed.

"Anyway, he got along okeh with the Froggies, and some of them even trusted him. They were the ones who could be reasonably sure of awakening to find the gold still in their teeth and their poultry still scratching manure at the kitchen door.

"Don't get the idea that Swin-

dle would steal. Never!! But it must be admitted that he had his own interpretation of the elastic term 'Salvage.'

"At times he would blow into billets with a jug of 'vinblink', and all would make merry. Then again it might be a dozen kilo-cycles of French punk, or the 'oof' output of all the nearby hens. He traded in the open market with the slogan 'nothing too low-priced to buy, and nothing too high priced to sell.' He was generous with the boys. Of course a shirt, kilt, or blanket—if any, might be missing next morning but what was that among friends? Anyway, you couldn't prove a thing.

"Well, to return from Overseas—we landed at the ball-park and watched the gang warm up.

"I pointed out Red Bowen and suggested that we look him up after the game. Swindle wasn't so keen.

"We're looking nobody up after the game, boy," he told me; and as usual he turned out to be about right.

"The visiting 'Greys' had imported a new pitcher from the East. In that league, a new pit-



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cher was an event. This was his first appearance, and when the visitors took the field for a warm-up we had a chance for a size-up on the stranger.

Swindle was delighted when he saw him. 'That's the bird,' he told half the grandstand, 'That's Dunn, all right.'

'Everyone was well aware that the 'Greys' new man was named Nelson, which fact I pointed out to the boy.

'Look at him. Look at him!' he got all excited, 'Don't you know Dunn—charge of old lousy thirteen?'

'It was Dunn, sure enough; and, Swindle explained how come. One of the old boys in the East name of Phipp, has written Swindle that Dunn was coming West to play ball. The informer had donated a generous slice of Dunn's family history, too, judging from what Swindle had on tap. It appeared that Dunn's real name was Nelson, except for military purposes.

'As far as I could figure it, Swindle had come all the way in from Deadlock just for the game,

and to see Dunn at long range.

'The 'Ump' made his bow, and they got going, with Dunn playing the bench. The game started with a bang, but I had to listen to a line of beef from Swindle all through it. With Dunn or Nelson, on the side-lines it was all, according to Swindle, a wash-out.

'Things slid along to the last of the ninth with no score. Both twirlers were whiffing 'em one two, three, and the fielders nailing them from all angles. It was, I figured, a wow of a game.

'Everybody, from players to cigar-boys, was clawing the atmosphere except Swindle. He wanted Dunn.

'Visitors' last chance. A long fly,—caught. One out. Batter up! A pop fly to the catcher. Two down. Lefty Hayes fooled the next victim with a slow curve. Strike. The crowd gave the usual advice, and not acting on any of it the batter nicked the second one for a bunt. Red Bowen dived in from third like a snake's tongue. He stooped, scooped, and snapped the pill over the first, all in one motion. That should have finished

things. Red was good. The throw was good, but Hill, on first juggled it. Runner safe!

'There was a slight delay and the 'Ump' got impatient. Then all at once Swindle drew the gaze of the crowd by throwing a flock of hysterics. I was busy trying to think of the right thing to do, when I spotted the reason. Dunn was on his way to the plate as pinch-hitter.

'He can hit,' Swindle yelled above the rest. 'If he only can make third.'

'Two-bagger's good enough for a score,' I pointed out.

'Wha do I care about a score,' he snapped back, 'As long as Dunn makes third.'

'Why third?' I couldn't help asking.

'Swindle started to squawk, and I used his hat on a bald head in front of us, like a catcher dusting off home-plate. I had seen guys go goofy at ball-games before, but Swindle's case looked hopeless.

'The uproar was immense. Lefty squirted the 'Payroll,' got the signal and warped across a slow one

'Dunn didn't move. The 'Ump'

called it on him.

'Swindle started to squawk, and I used his hat as a muffler. Lefty wound up and let loose his fast one, the runner making for second. Dunn stepped back, then forward into it, and—crrrrack! she went for a ride.

'Wings Farrow in centre started for the fence. He stepped like a greyhound, made a last frantic spurt and a leap. Half turning in the air, he took the ball over his shoulder. It hit his glove, dobbled, and—stuck. Cheers turned to groans, as the fielder landed off balance, tripped and hit the ground still going. Two complete loops and he was back on his feet, the ball safe in his hand.

'For a moment the racket sounded like a dozen mixed stations with the volume tap wide open. Then, suddenly there was a queer silence.

'Dunn had passed second before he knew he was caught out. The coach at third, held him up; and passing the line Dunn took a casual squint at the third-sacker. Then he looked closer, and stopped like he'd seen a ghost or an old friend.

To be continued.



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